

The Middletown Transcript

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

OFFICE—MAIN AND BROAD STREETS,
MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

MARY F. BURRIS, EDITOR.

THE TRANSCRIPT is published every Saturday Morning, and delivered by carrier to subscribers residing in Middletown.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at a reasonable rate as is compatible with a high-class newspaper having a large and constantly increasing circulation.

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CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Again the Yule fire is lighted! The echoes of last year's Christmas greetings have scarcely died away, when lo! 'tis Christmas again! How close together the Christmas days are in these times! How swift the seasons roll! The holidays will hardly be over ere the twittering of birds, humming of bees and the perfume of flowers will fill the air, and spring is here! 'Tis thus we journey on from year to year, from youth to age.

To all our readers, whom we also like to think are our friends, we give a hearty Christmas greeting, and wherever the TRANSCRIPT is read, whether it be among the snow-capped peaks of the north, or the Everglades of the south; on Texas plains or in California vales; among our near by neighbors at home, in city or country, in palace or cot, may peace and plenty abound, and the blessed spirit of the Christmas tide make glad all hearts on this Day of days.

Tis the time for the giving of gifts! We hope none of our friends will emporish themselves by bestowing rich gifts upon us, for the value of a present is not measured by its cost, but by the love and thoughtfulness of the giver. A loving, tender word may be all the gift you have to offer, but your one kindly word may be more tenderly cherished than the perfidious gifts of the millionaire. It would be a sorry Christmas indeed to know that of all the millions on earth, we had not made one heart glad on Christmas day. Merry Christmas to you all.

If Mr. Cleveland hangs up his stocking on Christmas eve, we hope he will not get a switch in it. That is what naughty boys get!

THE Christmas spirit possesses us! We've given the Democrats the go by this week. We hope Old Kris will not treat them so shabbily.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to all our friends, and the same to our enemies if we have any; and it is nothing to our discredit if we have a few, or even a good many.

"PEACE on Earth, Good Will Toward Men" does not include China and Japan this year. China is very much cut up anyhow, and the Japs are still watching their cues—so they say.

THE mystic mistletoe bough has been the object of reverence among swains and maidens from time immemorial. Its berries of pearl, symbolizing purity, have always been associated with marriage rites to which the traditional kiss it but the initiatory. And now as in ages past, the man and maid who meet beneath the mistletoe bough, claim the right of a sacred kiss. Oh, the mistletoe bough!

We inherited our love for the holly and mistletoe from our ancestors over the sea, and as we wreath our homes with their green leaves and bright berries, we pay tribute to the ancient customs of our forefathers in Little England. Never were the Christmas greens so much in use and demand as now and from Maine to California the holly bears its message of good cheer, while the mistletoe mingles its sweet at the rest, on the ruddy tints of the town at 6 o'clock p.m.

The next socials—the members of the Church of the Good Shepherd sentenced to the home of Mennon for co-operation in this fact was that evening, and people had to stop members and friend.

Thereaway, his brief and discovered with, in the strikes of a makes it very, but not be mayor of Boston his year. Now, Mr. Peabody is a sadder and wiser man. Hereafter he will be shy of innovations, and adhere to the time-honored methods of electioneering—namely, kissing babies and making stump speeches.—Balt. Sun.

service prevails. It is worth noticing that Croker and most of the police captains were of the same view as the kicking members of the Presbytery. They didn't approve the Parkhurst methods. But somehow they did the work, and society at large is permanently the gainer thereby and will not forget it.—N. Y. Tribune.

WHAT! REED, AS BRER RABBIT? Mr. Reed must have a fine contempt for the superservicable friends who are urging him not to let the speakership of the next House on the ground that it might injure his candidacy for the Presidential nomination. Their idea is to have him keep in the background, and thus avoid responsibility for possible excesses and foolishness of the big Republican majority in the next Congress.

The idea is absurd. Tom Reed is about as little calculated for the role of "Brer Rabbit" as any politician in the country. He cannot lie low. He is not built that way. His physical bulk is not more of an obstacle to such talents as his intellectual courage and candor. It is as impossible to think of his dodging a responsibility as to imagine him crawling through a trapdoor to avoid being counted to make a quorum.

Oh, no! Tom Reed cannot be suppressed, nor will he consent, we are persuaded, to be cast for a part in the great Republican comedy of Cabot Lodge and Matt Quay entitled "Brer Rabbit, He Lay How."—N. Y. World.

A WOMAN'S WAY. A woman's most cherished method of getting her own way is to let a man suppose he is having his own. If she sets her heart on a thing she seldom suggests it. O, dear, no! She argues against it gently, mildly, till the man takes up the cudgel in his behalf. She says what a horrid cold night it would be to turn out to the theater, when she is dying to go, and that suggests to him that the theater would be enjoyable. Or if she wants a quiet evening at home to do mending she fusses about it and suggests a dozen different places of amusement in breath, till he doggedly says he won't go anywhere, since she can't make up her mind. When he makes a suggestion on his own part that falls in with her wishes she doesn't jump at it. She knows the perverseness of man and that he would be once back out of the whole thing if she did that. She hints at difficulties, she demures, and exhibits a lack of enthusiasm that serves its purpose and goads him at once into having what takes to be his own way. Meanwhile she only smiles compassionately at his blindness and scores a point to her side.

ARGENTINE WHEAT. American farmers should realize that the enormous and very rapid extension of wheat raising in Argentina is having a severely depressing effect on the price of that cereal. For example, one province alone—Santa Fe—had 1,870,000 acres in wheat last year; this year it has a crop of 4,750,000 acres. And the other provinces are not far behind. The soil and climate of Argentina are excellently adapted to wheat growing; labor is much cheaper than in the United States. Argentine competition has come to stay. The days of dollar wheat are gone by forever. American wheat growers, like our cotton planters, must face the problem, must a solution in more diversified agriculture. All intelligent ones already see that "free silver" will not help a case like this, and are studying the problem in the light of the facts, not through demagogic theories.—Toledo Blade.

DANCING IN POLITICS. Mr. Peabody, who was recently defeated for mayor of Boston, made a mistake in the method of his campaign. He seems to have taken his idea of electioneering from the daughter of Herodias. When that young lady danced before her stepmother, old "King Herod of blessed memory," she obtained the promise of half a kingdom. Mr. Peabody believed that in his superlative dancing he might do even better than the daughter of Herodias and dance himself into a whole kingdom, namely, the chief magistracy of the city of Boston, irreverently known as Beantown. Mr. Peabody, it will be remembered, is one of the silk stocking Democrats residing on Beacon street, from which dizzy social altitude those fortunate enough to dwell there look down upon the rest of humanity with feelings of mingled pity and contempt. So Mr. Peabody put on his pint oil coat and his be-tail stockings and dress shirt, descended from the dizzy social height and went to the pavers' ball. There he danced with the pavers' wives and daughters, and the very sight of him gliding with the poetry of motion was a revelation.

But somehow the voting pavers did not appreciate the compliment. There are few things that a self-respecting workingman resents quicker than he does condescension. They thought that the social visit came suspiciously close before the election. The wives and daughters may have been delighted with Mr. Peabody's fine dancing, and they may not have been. But when the votes were counted out it was evident that the pavers were not, for they voted for the other man, and Mr. Peabody was not to be mayor of Boston this year. Now, Mr. Peabody is a sadder and wiser man. Hereafter he will be shy of innovations, and adhere to the time-honored methods of electioneering—namely, kissing babies and making stump speeches.—Balt. Sun.

SHE CAN RUN A LOCOMOTIVE. A Society Woman Possesses This Unique Accomplishment.

Mr. Alfred Bishop Mason enjoys the proud distinction of being the only society woman in the United States who can take out a locomotive. She doesn't do it very often, for her husband is Vice-President of a Southern railroad company, and she doesn't care to have his wife be highly noticed or of briefer duration. Other agitators may profit thereby.

RESULTS EVEN GREATER. Dr. Parkhurst's work and its fruits will and the public estimation of both result, whatever the decision of the Legislature in regard to it may be, a crusade for which no such noble cause has ever been made.

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From her girlhood Mrs. Mason has been interested in machinery, and it was among her youthful ambitions to be able to run a locomotive. She began by gaining the engineer's permission to sit in his cab, not doing anything but familiarizing herself with the swing and the work required for its movements. When she was able to sit with her face towards the wind, peering out into the darkness that rushed by, and half blinded by the glare from the great fires when the furnace doors swung open, she felt that she was attaining the summit of earthly greatness.

Her next lesson was learned at the whistle. Then came the bell cord and soon these two functions were left entirely to her hands.

As a train drew up to a station in Florida, where Mrs. Mason was waiting, the engineer and fireman immediately made room for her. She knew every one by name on the different locomotives and they all knew her. Proud was the engineer when his cab contained the wife of the Vice-President.

In time, she mastered the more difficult tasks, those that required nerve and skill, and she could take an engine from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico as well as an old engineer; and these latter were very proud of her. One of the oldest men on the road remarked to her once: "Whatever your husband gets out of a job, Mrs. Mason, just come down here and we'll put you up in the Union!"—N. Y. World.

GIVES HER STRENGTH AND APPETITE. PORT PENN, Dec. 10, 1894. Three years ago I was completely down and had no appetite and no ambition to work. I took doctors medicine but it did me no good and so I began to use Hood's Sarsaparilla and found that it helped me. Since then I have taken it every spring and it gives me a good appetite and enables me to do my work. MRS. LAURA VANDERGRIFT. Hood's Pills cure sick headache.

CHIMES FORM MANY CLIMES

Christmas is always a season of good wishes and loving kindness. In America almost all little children hang up their stockings on Christmas eve, to be filled by kind old Santa Claus. In Germany they make more of Christmas than we do in America. Everywhere the Christmas-tree is used.

If a family is too poor to have a whale tree, a single branch only will stand in a conspicuous place, hung with the few simple gifts. A week before Christmas St. Nicholas visits the children, to find out who have been good enough to receive the gifts the Christ-child will bring them on Christmas eve.

It is a very usual thing to see on a German Christmas-tree, way up the very topmost branch, an image of doll representing the Christchild, while below are sometimes placed other images representing angels with outspread wings.

After the tree is lighted the family gather round it, and sing a Christmas hymn.

In France may be almost universally seen representations of the manager in which Christ was born, with figures of Mary, Joseph and the child Jesus, and cattle feeding near by. Often these representations are decorated with flowers, and lighted candles burn softly before them.

In Norway the people have a delightful custom of putting on the roof of the barn, or on a pole in the yard, a large sheet of wheat for the birds, who fully appreciate their Christmas feast.

In England almost every one who can do so has a family party at Christmas time.

From the ceiling of one of the rooms a large bunch of mistletoe is hung. If any little maid is caught standing under it the one who catches her has a right to take a kiss from her rosy lips.

In Holland the little Dutch girl puts her wooden shoe in the chimney-place ready for gifts, just as the little American girl hangs up her stocking.

And so in some way all over the Christian world on the eve of the twenty-fifth day of December the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ is celebrated. Everywhere the Christmas chimes are ringing out the message the angels brought to Bethlehem—"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work.

The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer for One Hundred Dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,

F. J. Cheney & Co. Toledo, O.

Conductor (shaking passing passenger)—Ticket please. Englishmen (who has been sixteen hours in the country) —Really, now, you know, I have hardly seen enough of America yet to be able to give my impressions of it, but it strikes me—Oh, I beg your pardon! I thought it was another blawsted reporter.

LOCKEN'S ARTICLES. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all skin Eruptions and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c per box. For sale at Dr. Vaughan's Pharmacy.

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The Ideal Christmas

As Pictured by an old Maid who relates a Bachelor's Experience.



Nob, blessed, unbroken, congenial families the ideal Christmas is often realized, where the boys and girls return with families of their own, never forgetting the old people; return loaded with gifts and goodies, and bringing the lively music of happy, satisfied hearts. But to the starved out, the repressed, who make a brave pretense of being at peace and gladness, it is a hard part to play. In stories written expressly for such people the old lover returns faithful and fond; the generous old bachelor carries away captive the prettiest maiden of the lot. Alas! in real life the young firl captivates the aunt's most devoted stand-by and laughs at the ancient bachelor who tries to be gallant.

One old bachelor confessed to me last year that he was so forlorn at the bleak Yuletide that he wished he could be made unconscious until it was over. He longed to skip it and escape from its depressing horrors. As he must live right through it, however dismal the experience, he would always take the cars for a long trip, or even cross the ocean, armed with a lot of exciting novels to drive away sad thoughts. He was a fine looking, prosperous, popular fellow, and I know his generosity to others to have been unbounded. If he did me no good and so I began to use Hood's Sarsaparilla and found that it helped me. Since then I have taken it every spring and it gives me a good appetite and enables me to do my work. MRS. LAURA VANDERGRIFT. Hood's Pills cure sick headache.

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Men's Shoes, \$1.00 to 3.00.

Ladies' Shoes, 85c. to \$3.50.

Misses' Shoes, 75c. to \$1.80.

Children's Shoes, 40c. to \$1.25.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

Welcome, ye pleasant dales and hills
Where dream-like passed my early days,
Ye cliffs and glens and laughing rills
That sing unconscious hymn of praise;
Woods, where ye sleep with trimm'd boughs,
Embanked in autumn's meadow scheme,
Where careless childhood gathered flowers,
And slept on mossy carpets green.

The same bright sunlight gentry plays
About the porch and garden trees,
The garden sleeps in noon-day haze,
Lulled by the murmuring of the bees;
The sloping meadows stretch away
To upland field and wooded hill;
The soft blue sky of peaceful day
Looks down upon the homestead still.

I hear the humming of the wheel—
Strange music of the days gone by—
I hear the song of the reel—
Once more I see the girls at play.
How then I wondered at the thread
That narrowed from the snowy wool,
Much more to see the pieces wed,
And Wind upon the whirling spool!

I see the garret once again,
With feather, beam, and oaken floor;
I hear the patterning of the rain,
As summer clouds go drifting o'er.
The little window toward the west
Still keeps its webs and buzzing flies,
And from this cozy childhood nest
Jack's bean-stalk reaches to the skies.

I see the chaff gathered round
The open door; the gloomy light,
While bidden skies still crackling sound
Send forth a mazy and mazy light;

The window-sill is piled with sheet,
The well-swept crevices before the blast,
But warm hearts make the contrast sweet;
Sheltered from storm, secure and fast.

O loved ones of the long ago,
Whose memories hang in golden frames,
Resting beneath the maple's glow,
Where few e'er read your chiselled names,
Came to the old homestead in the night,
And fill the vacant chairs of mirth!—
Ah met the dream is all too bright,
And lashes lie upon the heart.

Below the wood, beside the spring,
Two little children are at play;
And hope, that bird of viseless wing,
Sings in their hearts the livelong day;
The acorns patter at their feet,

The squirrel chatters 'neath the trees
And life and love are all complete—
They hold Aladdin's lamp and keys.

And, sister, now my children come
To play about our grandpa's home,
To see our pictures in the pool,
Their finger tips the shady glen;

The fountain gurgles o'er with joy
That, after years full three times ten,
It finds its little girl and boy.

No other spring in all the world
Is half so clear and cool and bright,
No other leaves by autumn curled
Except for the golden light.

Of course the father's faith is to shrine;
I knew it best now as then;

And though the spring's no longer lime,
I kiss its cooling lips again.

Unchanged it greets the changeable years;
Its life is one undreamed dream;

No record here of grief or tears;
But like the limpid meadow stream,

It seems to sympathize with youth;

Just as the river does with age;

And like the sun—a sweetest truth

Is written on life's title-page.

—Harper's Magazine.

I Cameto Ask—

A Christmas Story With an Indian
Summer Romance, Mistletoe
and all.

WO pretty, old-fashioned cottages standing near each other on a secluded tree-shaded country road, separated by a little meadow, which from the birth of Spring to the death of Autumn rejoiced in waving green grasses and white daisies and yellow dandelions, and after that wore a robe woven of snow-flakes as fair and pure as when they fell from the skies, until old Winter, to whom the robes belonged, hearing the returning birds ask for the violet, gathered them about him and vanished again.

In one of them, the larger, in front of which was a neatly kept lawn, and at the back a small hot-house and miniature vegetable garden, lived Miles Guernsey and his man Mike, the one an old bachelor, and the other, as he described himself, "a widdy man," thanks be to the Lord that sith her rest."

In the other—Rose Cottage they called it, for in rose-time it was completely surrounded by roses; they filled the space in front and clambered over the porch and up the sides of the house—had lived a quiet elderly couple for many years, until about month before my story (if it may be dignified by that title) begins, when they went to heaven on the very same day, as they had often prayed to, loving old souls, and left Rose Cottage waiting for a new tenant.

"Just as I'd got comfortably settled," grumbled Miles Guernsey, "to be all upset again!" Other old men and women live till they're a hundred.

Why couldn't these have done so, instead of dying at the early age of 80?

and there's no knowin' who'll take the cottage. Somebody with cats, dogs, and babies, I've no doubt—three kinds of animals I detect."

"True for ye, boss," said Mike, an ominous shake of the head.

There was something else Mr. Guernsey insisted he detected, and that was an old maid. "A man," he used to say, "don't need smiles and kisses and pet names and children hanging around him to keep him sweet; but a woman does. Of course some of the poor things can't help their forlorn state; the men don't propose, or they do and run away, or their parents cut up rough, or they have invalid relations to take care of. I'm very sorry for them; they have my heartiest sympathy; but, all the same, I don't like 'em."

And so when Mike came one lovely June morning to tell his master the cottage was rented, adding with a sly grin, "An' sure it's a wivid maid an' her mother," Mr. Guernsey said something of which he ought to have been ashamed, and which for that reason, I sha'n't set down, and then went on sarcastically, "And now we'll have all sorts of 'weet, cunnin' pets," I suppose; but if any of them come near my premises!"—forlornly—"I'll poison 'em drawn a rosin' string their necks. Do you?"

"Well, I do," said Mike, and here to—

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10th, 1884.—The administration and the Democratic leaders of the House are, by their attitude on the currency question, giving the country another instructive object-lesson, showing the Democratic idea of statesmanship. Notwithstanding that those financiers of reputation who were heard, either in person or by letter, by the House Banking and Currency Committee, were a unit in condemning, either the whole or a part of Secretary Carlisle's misnamed plan of currency reform, the bill drawn up by Secretary Carlisle is to be railroaded through the House this week, unless Democratic plans miscarry.

It may not be true, although many are inclined to think that it is, that the administration is encouraging the withdrawal of gold from the treasury, in order to frighten objecting Democrats into the support of the currency bill, which as a sop to the overwhelming vanity of Representative Springer, chairman of the committee on Banking and Currency, has been rechristened, the "Springer Bill," but those who are unquestionably authorized to speak for the administration are presenting some arguments to secure votes for the bill that are certainly questionable. The Democrat who expresses an objection to the bill, and nearly all of them do, is told that the bill has not the slightest chance to become a law, but that it is merely intended to convince the country that the administration and the majority of the House are anxious to do something, and that its passage by the House will throw the responsibility for the failure of financial legislation upon the already unpopular Senate.

It is not necessary to have an extra good memory to recall that similar arguments were used to rush the Wilson tariff bill through the House in a crude form. It is well known that many of the Senate amendments to the tariff bill were begged for by Democratic members of the House who lacked the courage to either propose them or to vote for them in an open, manly way, but were willing to beg for them secretly, and then to pose as having been compelled, against their wills, to accept the Senate bill, amendments and all. That is the sort of business which disgusted the people and brought about the Democratic defeat of last month. There has not been a single important piece of legislation before Congress since it was controlled by the Democrats, into which this sort of tactics was not introduced to a greater or lesser extent. To put it plainly, if not elegantly, the Democrats in Congress have played, and in spite of their better experience, are continuing to play the people for fools.

Even the tottering, God forsaken government of Turkey, which exists merely by the sufferance of the great powers of Europe, does not hesitate to snub this administration. It has refused to allow the U.S. Consul designated for that duty by Secretary Gresham to accompany the Commission, composed of representatives of Russia and Great Britain, which will investigate the massacre of Christian Armenians by Turkish troops. If Secretary Gresham had not blundered from the start he would not be in his present humiliating position. He has already been taken to task by Congress for several of his blunders, and this last one will certainly be heard from.

The Senate will do nothing in the way of political legislation at this session, there is still much talk about a cloture rule, but not as much as there was when the silver repeal bill was pending. Bluffs will be made at the sugar schedule of the tariff law from time to time, but they will have a speculative, not a legislative object.

General Sickles, of New York, is one of the few Democrats in the House who has a brilliant Union Army record, and almost the only Democrat who has had the courage to openly antagonize the pension policy of this administration. His latest remarks, made just previous to the passing of the pension appropriation bill by the House, are alike creditable to him and to every ex-Union soldier. He said: "I want to say right here to-day, for it may be the last opportunity I shall have to say it here, in vindication of my comrades, that that roll of a million names, with so few instances of fraud, is a monument to our American soldiers, one less worthy, one less admirable than the heroic services they performed in the preservation of this Union, for which services their pensions are awarded."

Mr. Cleveland is still making extensions of the classified civil service. The civil service reform professors of the administration would be entitled to my respect if less were known of the methods in vogue in the departments to get big salaries for Democrats at the expense of good clerks, women as well as men. For instance, a \$1400 woman clerk was compelled to exchange salaries with a \$900 Democrat, and they both do the same work they did before the exchange.

Specimen Cases.
S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in health and strength. Three bottles of Electro Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight months standing. Used three bottles of Electro Bitters, in a few days, in a day or two, the sore disappeared, and he was highly relieved. Can be highly recommended.



OPERA CLOAK, ULSTER AND DIRECTOIRE JACKET.
In the center is an opera cloak of brown velvet with a wide sash and a large collar. At the right is a ulster with large buttons and gigot sleeves. At the left is a directoire jacket of black Persian with three large bows buttons.

IN WOMAN'S REALM

Christmas the Day for Childhood, When the Little People Reign—A Sketch of Mrs. Grannis, the Up-to-Date Reformer—A Glimpse at Her Home Life—Other Feminine Topics.



CHRISTMAS is the children's day, and it is worth any sacrifice to make the day one of joy and gladness for the children. The wise parents, knowing how quickly the time of beautiful child faith must pass, cherish all the sweet baby beliefs as long as they can. They tell wonderful tales of Santa Claus, or Kris Kringle, or St. Nicholas—the benevolent Christmas saint is the same under any alias—they repeat and teach the blessed ballad of the "Night Before Christmas," they raise to the dignity of a state ceremony the business of hanging up stockings, and in a general way make the most of the sweet, merry mystery surrounding the great holiday.

There are some people who deprecate the teaching concerning dear old Santa Claus and say that when the child learns that the saint is a myth he loses a portion of his faith in his parents' truthfulness and in their instructiveness concerning other and more sacred mysteries. The objections seems of little force. If the story of the Christmas saint is told, as are the tales of the fairies, gnomes and other spirits, the child's serious faith is seldom shaken by the gradual awakening to the perception that the beloved Santa Claus is only another myth, a parable, like that of Jack Frost, who paints the colored leaves of autumn with a touch of his chilly finger and locks the lake and streams by a blast of icy breath.

Children never forget the happy Christmas days of their childhood the presents, the tree, the dinner and the family circle around the fire side, where the Christmas legends and stories are told. It is fitting the birth day of the Christ child should be devoted especially to the children.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton is a rich woman in her own right, having inherited a fortune from her father. She was a Miss Street, and her girlhood was passed amid all the luxury that money could procure. She is a fine musician and a most accomplished linguist. More than that, she is an agreeable and beautiful woman, with charming manners. Her flock of young daughters are equally as interesting and give promise of being ornaments to society when they are "brought out."

One of the brightest women in Washington is the wife of I. S. Bartlett, who is Representative Coffin's private secretary and a well known politician of Wyoming. Mrs. Bartlett enjoys the distinction of being the only woman in the United States to be voted for in a Legislature for United States Senator. She was given the House clerkship of the Wyoming Legislature and when that body engaged in a deadlock over the Senatorial席 about a year ago the five Populist members cast their votes for Mrs. Bartlett, amid great applause from the galleries.

The marriage of Ethel, eldest daughter of ex-Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, to Dr. Edward G. Blair, of Kansas City, robes her father of a helper who has long been his most valuable adviser and assistant. Miss Ingalls was for years not merely her father's confidential secretary, but his co-worker, counselor and constant literary helpmate. She collected data from which he prepared his addresses and essays; she edited his speeches, directed his literary work and, was to all intents and purposes an active working partner, on equal terms, in all his intellectual enterprises. To a gentleman who called upon Mr. Ingalls while the latter was in the Senate and offered him an extraordinary price for a single lecture, the Senator replied: "I don't know whether I can accept or not until I consult my daughter. It will all depend upon what she says."

Mary Anderson-Navarro confided to an interviewer recently that she has never sighed in her retirement to revisit the scenes of her former triumphs. On the contrary, she seizes every opportunity to advise girls not to go on the stage, and thinks that she has dissuaded twenty, and perhaps thirty, from such a course. For seven years she loved her work on the stage. Then the excitement and publicity became distasteful to her, and for a year of her life behind her, was almost unbearable.

"However I secured my license when I was eighteen," she said "and notwithstanding my family's opposition—for they considered me too frail to teach—I was appointed summer instructor in a district school, three miles from Mentor. There I met young James A. Garfield, and many a time listened to his delightful preaching in the village church.

"I finished my education at the

Lake Erie Seminary and then started a school in Brooklyn, which was only disbanded at time of my marriage in '65.

"The only vacation I had in those years," said Mrs. Grannis, "was when I came to New York to hear Patti sing at the Academy. Beautiful Patti, whose divine voice was a revelation to me!

While on the subject of the stage Mrs. Grannis bemoaned the fact that music and the drama are not made the strongest allies of good, and waxed eloquent in strongly objecting to the immoral tone of many of the modern plays produced.

She grew righteously indignant too at the indiscriminate use of the decollete gown at public functions where hundreds of persons feed their gaze upon the necks and shoulders of women.

"A becoming and beautiful gown gives us all a thrill of aesthetic pleasure," said Mrs. Grannis, but its design and construction should not absorb the whole time of its wearer I myself, am very fond of needlework and not only planned my first evening gown, but completed it in every detail alone, on the eve of an examination in ecclesiastical history. Yes, I am particularly fond of all forms of woman's work. My brother and sister, who make up my household, since my husband's death, consider me an expert cook and always vote one of my boiled New England dinners a huge success."

Lady Henry Somerset knows very little about the luxury of rest. She is an indefatigable worker. In every good cause she is interested, and her interest means practical help. During the last year she held 115 meetings and twenty-seven conferences. She traveled over eighteen thousand miles and spoke in twenty counties to about two hundred thousand people.

The world applauds her intrepid ability—when she succeeds—and yet all the while it suspects that this sort of training is robbing her of many of the graces of sex and that in all probability, the domestic machinery, for which she personally is responsible, is going at sixes and sevens, its whole atmosphere lacking the breath of home. Somehow, true womanliness and reforms have not yet become synonymous in men's minds and hence it is particularly surprising to learn that Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, a prominent worker along the pathways of reform, is, in her private life, the gentlest and sweetest of women.

Seated in her comfortable study—the real living room of the family—she has a little old fashioned desk heaped high with newspapers, letters and documents of all description, Mrs. Grannis suggests all the refinement of the New England woman of the long ago, with the added charm of his chatty finger and looks the lake and streams by a blast of icy breath.

Flowers, books and pictures make up the atmosphere of this den given over to social purity reform, Municipal League affairs and Church Union editorial work, both religious.

When Mrs. Grannis was asked how she had been able to preserve all the softer side of her nature and yet merge herself into so much public life, she answered that the healthful influence of a New England home, the close comradeship of a most companionable father and the judicious severity of a puritan mother were largely responsible.

She declares that the religious bent of her early training has kept her heart ever young, and has made her optimistic and interested in every phase of human life—a fact which none could doubt after a half hour's chat with her.

"We're not for those early influences," said Mrs. Grannis, "the enormous energy for work in me found its vent in less useful pursuits than those in which I have been engaged. "I fancy I must always have been ambitious," she continued, reflectively, "for I was teacher in the mission class in Harford when I was but eleven years of age, and so zealously did I work with those poor little children"—and her face beamed as she spoke—"that my class was considered the best in the school."

"I made a tour of the worst streets in Harford every Saturday seeking recruits, and more than one friend of the family prophesied my early death from measles, scarlet fever or diphtheria.

"But soon another life was to open for me, for next year we went to live in Ohio, out near the Western Reserve."

"Those were jolly days when I went to the academy at Orwell," she laughingly said, "when we not only worked with a zest but played as well. The tramps in the woods on botanizing expeditions, the delightful strolls along the creek, how they all come back to me now!" and unconsciously the little women put out her hand and stroked a pot of primroses that stood at her elbow, and her fifty-four years of life seemed to vanish and she was a girl again in that Ohio town.

Recalling herself quickly she told her trials in preparing herself to become a teacher, and how, though she could pass the necessary examination easily, she found that orthography blocked her way.

"However I secured my license when I was eighteen," she said "and notwithstanding my family's opposition—for they considered me too frail to teach—I was appointed summer instructor in a district school, three miles from Mentor. There I met young James A. Garfield, and many a time listened to his delightful preaching in the village church.

"I finished my education at the

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Are an important item of our stock at all times, more so this time of the year than at any other. For the Parlor, Bed-room, Dining-room, Library. New shapes, new styles, new prices.

NO. 40—An 18 inch square oak table with shelf at bottom: turned legs—75c.

NO. 2—A 22-inch polished quartered oak at \$1.35.

NO. 13—A 24 inch polished quartered oak table, or in cherry with brass claw feet—\$4 50, etc.

NO. 6—Library table, oak, top 36x22 inches with drawer—\$6.

NO. 8—Library table, oak, top 36x22 in. with drawer—\$8.50.

NO. 11—A handsome twist leg table with antique claw feet, all quartered oak at \$18; in solid mahogany, \$22.

Other patterns and shapes at almost any price up to \$65.

In Parlor Tables, Pedestals, Tea Tables, Tabourettes and Inlaid Stands in mahogany, cherry, birch and oak, our assortment is without end.

Tea Tables, with French legs, dainty and pretty, oval, round or kidney-shaped tops, range from \$5 to \$18—at almost any in-between price.

Brass and onyx tables, all gold or gold and mahogany tops.

Two beautiful Empire designs especially worthy of mention are in all gold at \$30 and \$37.50.

INE AND medium priced upholstered work for the parlor and library in odd pieces and easy chairs is a feature of our Xmas exhibit.

For the parlor in silk damasks or brocatelles or tapestry. For the library in leather, corduroy or all polished seats and backs.

New goods in quartered oak library chairs and rockers in old English and mahogany from \$3.00 to 75.00.

Romany, comfortable iron frame, spring seat and back Turkish Chairs at 18, 20, 25, 30 and 50 Dollars.

Reclining Chairs, Students' Chairs, Morris Chairs.

Couches—our own make at 8, 10, 12, 15, etc., to 50 Dollars.

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Published every morning. The leading Republican newspaper of the day. Clean and fearless. Subscription price, \$3.00 per year.

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New York's most popular Sunday newspaper. Published every second Sunday paper in the United States. \$30 to \$35 per year. Subscription price, \$1.00 per year.

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By this offer you get it for virtually

\$1.75

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samples free. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions.

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2 Park Row, N.Y.

Advertiser

CHRISTMAS SENTIMENTS.

Against the hollow sky the earth,
Folded in sherry darkness clear,
Chimes like the bell Emmanuel's birth,
And heaven's great angels stoop to hear.
The frosty air is stinging still;
The world is waiting for the light
That long ago on Eastern hill
Broke on the shepherd's dazzled sight.

MARGARET DELAND.
One of the favorite song-birds of New England, Edna Dean Proctor, sends the following exquisite poem:

The maiden months are a stately train;
Vast fields of spotless snow,
Decked with white paradise,
What time the roses blow,
Or wreathed with the vine and yellow wheat
When the moon of harvest glow,
But oh! the joy of the rolling years,
The queen with peerless charms,
Is she who comes through the waning light
To keep the world from harms—
December, fair and bewondred,
With the Christ-child in her bosom.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

Hail, blessed Christmas morn!
When Christ, a child, was born
Of Mary, holy maid,
In heavenly grace arrayed.
Amen! Hallelujah!

HARriet Beecher Stowe.

The Gourd That Grumbled

A Pretty Little Christmas Story with a Moral.



CHRISTMAS eve,
six children's
stockings to be
darned before
bedtime. Mrs.
Chequidden—the
children's mother
couldn't even
think of darning
more than one
of each pair. Each child needed one to hang up for Santa Claus; and wanted that stocking to be in the best of order.

This Christmas eve they had all gone to take tea with their grandmother, and before leaving had begged their mama to be sure and darn the stockings that they were going to hang up in the big chimney-place.

So she took the big work-basket on her lap, and began to search for the little darning-gourd. But the gourd was not in the basket. She got up, and looked here and there and everywhere, but could not find it. At last she sat down and drew a stocking-foot on her left hand. "I must try and darn this way," she said with a sigh, "but it is harder, and I am very tired." And with that she leaned back in her rocking-chair and fell fast asleep. Then there came a chuckle from under the bureau.

"What's that?" asked the darningneedle, with his one eye turned in the direction of the sound.

"It's I," was the answered, and out rolled the little gourd.

"Why did you hide away?" asked he needle.

"I'm tired of being scratched all over while darning stockings," said the gourd, "it's bad enough at other times, but at Christmas time it is too much."

"Suppose you had a hundred pins stuck into you at a time, what then?" said the round pin cushion.

"Oh, you're so fat that it can't hurt you much," said the gourd.

"Well," said the scissors, "you ought n't to grumble. I have do much more than you do."

"But then you see, you haven't been used to anything else," said the little gourd. "But think of me. Once I hung high on a beautiful green vine. Sweet flowers grew all about me—I think I can smell them now. The birds came and sang to me—I think I can hear them now. The butterflies and the bees all nodded to me as they flew by—I think I can see them now. Oh! how happy I was! And to be taken from that lovely home and thrown into a work-basket, and made to help darn children's stockings, it is—it is really too much."

"Stop your grumbling!" said the scissors, "and let me talk awhile. If you had been left there what would have become of you? When winter came, you'd have found yourself hanging on a dry, brown rope instead of a beautiful green vine. And you could n't have smelled the flowers, and you could n't have heard the birds, or have seen the bees and the butterflies, because they'd have been gone too. And there you would have hung, a lonely little gourd, rudely shaken by wintry winds."

"Yes," added the darning-needle; "the scissors knows. He was lost outdoors all winter. There is n't much you can tell him about a winter in a garden."

"As for the children," said the fat pin cushion, "it is a pleasure to do anything for them. They are very nice children. And their mama, too, is just the mama for such children."

"And how neatly she keeps the work-basket," said the scissors. "It's really a pleasure to live in it."

"And what a pity it would be," said the darning-needle, "if the children should come home and find the stockings they want to hang up for Santa Claus, just as they left them, with the same hole—!"

"Don't say any more—don't say any more," he broke in the little gourd. "I've heard quite enough. I'm sorry I hid, and sorry I grumbled. I'll roll over and touch our mistress's foot, and she'll wake up and see me, and then perhaps the children's stockings will be darned in time after all."

So it rolled over and touched the mother's foot once—twice—thrice; and the third time she awoke, and saw the gourd, and saying, "Why, there it is! How glad I am!" picked it up.

And when the children came home from their grandmama's, they found their stockings ready as new, and hung them up in a jiffy.

And every morning, each took a look, and full of Christmas cheer,



"So you wish my daughter for your wife?"
"Partly that, madam, and partly that you may be my mother-in-law."

CORNER OF SMILES.

CHRISTMAS TIMES IN GEORGIA.

The corn ain't bringin' nothin', an' cotton's gone low';
There ain't enough a-comin' in to pay the debts we owe;
But the world is smilin' brightly on the valley and the hills;
So, light the Christmas fire, an' we'll all be happy still!

The year is comin'ough an' tumbly, the old man don't know what he's a-doin';
For the plantin' an' the pickin', an' we're mighty shor' on hay;
But in spite of all misfortunes we're a-livin' with a will;
So, light the Christmas fire, an' we'll all be happy still!

I'll be a happy Christmas, with the oldtime songs an' jokes;
An' then we'll be a lot of presents for the children an' the wife;
Henry's "Dicks'n' Bill," Santa's knittin' stockin's for Tom, an' Dick's'n' Bill;
So, light the Christmas fire, an' we'll all be happy still!

Atlanta Constitution.

If some people couldn't find anything to hide behind, they would be always on the run.

That girl who is saving up for a seal-skin sashique may not be far-sighted but she sees far ahead.

The only way to cure catarrh is to purify the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and tones up the whole system.

Jared," said his wife, weekly, "can you spare me a dollar to-day?" "What for?" demanded Mr. Tyte-Phist. "I want to buy a few things for Christmas." "Well," said Mr. Tyte-Phis, "didn't I give you a dollar two weeks ago for a birthday present?"

Mrs. Howe-wife—Are you a plain cook? Miss O'Reilly—Well, ma'am, do they do them that say O'm quite good lookin'.

"Snapp is one man that knows exactly how to manage his wife," "What's his scheme?" "Lets her have her own way always."

A man and his wife having both been tarred and feathered in New York, it is hard to tell now which one rules the roost.

Conductor—How old are you, little girl? Little Girl—If the company doesn't object, I prefer to pay my fare and keep my own statistics.

Sunday school Teacher—I suppose you pray for your daily bread every day at home, don't you, Emmie? Emmie—Oh, yes, for we like it fresh.

"Alas!" exclaimed Fogg, striking his empty pocketbook, "would that a man were like pie crust; then the shorter he is the richer he would be."

Minister—So you say that you saw some boys out fishing on Sunday, Bob. I hope you did something to discourage them. Bobbie—Oh, yes, sir; I stole their bait.

He—you are thinking and talking altogether too much about that bachelorette next door. She—Well, doesn't the Bible tell us to love our neighbor as ourselves?

"Health insurance. That is almost as necessary as life insurance. It means reasonable care and occasionally a little medicare—not much. A Ripsaw Tabule is enough in most cases.

Famous Violinist (after his solo)—Do you play any instrument, Fraulein? Miss Ethel—No, my mother always said her children should not be a nuisance to any one if she could help it.

Froude and Kingsley. It is recalled in one of the English notices of the late Mr. Froude that in his address as Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrews in 1869 he made some rather notable allusions to the insincerity which he thought was the besetting sin of clergymen of all denominations. About the same time his wife's brother-in-law, Charles Kingsley, is his farewell address regarding the chair of modern history at Cambridge, denounced historians for their partisanship, inaccuracy and habitual misrepresentation. The opportunity was improved by a contemporary wit (tradition says it was the present Bishop of Oxford) in these words:

While Froude assuage the Scottish youth. That persons do not care for truth, The Rev. Canon Kingsley dying, And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.

Readers who remember these verses or have them in their scrap books will perhapsardon their repetition for the benefit of others less fortunate. It is a pity that any one, for no greater fault than mere youth, should miss so good a hit.

For torpid liver and all other conditions resulting from constipation, go by the book on Beecham's pills.

Book free pills 25¢. At drugstores; or write to B F Allen Co., 365 Canal st, New York.

E. C. ALLEN & CO., Box 420, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

DECEMBER.

All hail to thee, December!
All hail the children sing;
The snowbirds catch the echoes,
And make the forest ring.
And joyously they call
In sweet triumphant notes,
With the mighty chorus float.
Each year we hear with rapture
The old, familiar strain;
Now Christmas comes again!

Dear Christmas! Merry Christmas!

All hail, all hail to thee!

The birthday of our Saviour,
The glad nativity!

GIVE TO EVERYONE.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Grannis, President of the National Christian League.

I have given this matter of Christmas presents my attention for twenty-one years—not only once a year for twenty-one years, but continually and steadily the year round. The moment one Christmas has passed I begin to lay my plans for the next one. I believe I give from a hundred and twenty-five to two hundred Christmas presents every year. I give to everyone; from my best friend, to persons in the most humble positions. I give to my foreman, my workmen, my clerks, my servants, everyone.

I'm not saying this now to attract admiration. I do not even want to set an example, unless my example be followed in the right way,—unless the presents be given with the proper sentiment.

To me, Christmas-tide has always been the sweetest part of the year, especially because it is the time when gifts are exchanged. I don't want to see the custom abandoned. Who that sees the child hang up its stocking on Christmas Eve and go to sleep secure in the knowledge that Santa Claus will come down the chimney during the night and fill that stocking full of good things, can think of suppressing the well-known myth?

Now we are all children at Christmas time, no matter how far we are beyond the time when we discovered the real Santa Claus. Figuratively, we all hang up our stockings at Christmas, and we like to find them filled in the morning, too.

Now comes the question. What should Santa Claus put into our stockings? The truth is, we don't much care what it is, so long as it's something. The child doesn't care, how could he? We, the older children, don't care, why should we?

The thing is to give always with a view to the usefulness of the gift. If I want to give a book, I consider what book will most please him, be most useful to him, now and always.

By all means let us make Christmas gifts; let us give to everyone. If it's only a scrap of writing, let Santa Claus be always on hand. But give with common sense, give reasonably, give because you love to give, give no more than you can afford. Away, I say, with the fashionable functions and ceremonies which make gifts that suggest having cost money; and let us all give with the simplicity of Santa Claus himself, smiling as though giving to the children we love.—Demorest's Magazine.

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Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder.

Highest of all in leavening strength.

Last United States Government Food Report.

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DAIRY AND EVENING SESSIONS.

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Also a well equipped for business, Commercial, Scientific, and Domestic subjects.

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